



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

when Koryusai, who was of samurai birth, gradually ceased drawing ordinary Ukiyoe subjects at the urgent solicitation of his samurai friends, through whose influence, when he abandoned Ukiyoe entirely, he was given the title of Hokkyo, an honor that was usually reserved for artists of the classical schools.

Among these later prints, one, formerly in the collection of the late John H. Wrenn, calls for particular mention. The subject is a Ho-o bird (phoenix) flying over the sea and across the red disc of the sun which has risen a little way above the horizon on New Year's morning. It is a work of unusual distinction, refined in conception and superbly engraved and printed. F.W.G.



PORTRAIT OF ROBERT HENRI
EXHIBITION OF ETCHINGS BY WALTER TITTLE

From the Chicago Tribune, January 12, 1918.

OUR COMING UNIVERSITY OF ART

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

ALL eaten up with modesty, you Chicagoans affect indifference toward the exhibitions now being held at the Art Institute by the alumni of that institution's school. Whereas, it is magnificent and the art spirit of Chicago is, and this I say after having lived years in Boston and known New York, and bobbed in and out of the Paris ateliers many a time and oft.

Frankly, neither Boston nor New York nor Paris gets up a more uniformly charming display of art works by home talent. Neither could Boston or New York or Paris assemble a more uniformly charming collection by arranging an old-home week for artists, native but non-resident. Just here lies the supreme sig-

nificance of the present exhibition. Painters, sculptors, and designers bred or trained in Chicago have contributed to the show in order that Chicagoans might see what the Art Institute has produced in the forty years of its most remarkable history.

It has produced wonders. Dozens of the leading artists of America learned their craft in Chicago. Because of the war, only about 2,500 students are now busy at the Art Institute, but in normal times the number exceeds 3,000. No other art school on earth has anywhere near that number. And though Chicagoans feel little inclined to confess it, this city is in point of eagerness and devotion by far the most interesting of the



FIESTA DAY WINTER OF THE LOGAN MEDAL—BY VICTOR HIGGINS
 WINNER OF THE MR. AND MRS. FRANK G. LOGAN MEDAL
 EXHIBITION BY ARTISTS OF CHICAGO AND VICINITY

world's art centers. Where else under the sun can you find an art school that has been a sound business proposition from the first, launching forth without endowment or subsidy, and paying expenses and more?

Curiously, all this has more or less the sound of a revelation, and one barely dodges the phrase dear to reporters, "Few persons realize." Alas, few do. It is still customary to think of the Art Institute as only a "picture morgue,"

albeit an exceptional "picture morgue," distinctive for location and attendance. No other American town has a great gallery in the heart of its shopping district. No other American gallery attracts such multitudes of visitors.

The Art Institute's library—any one may obtain permission to drop in there and pull down books from its open shelves—is more thronged with enthusiasts than any similar library anywhere in the United States. But those 2,500

students, normally 3,000, who sees them? Who knows they come and go? Who guesses?

In Paris, where art students go in for sombreros, long hair, tight jackets, and voluminous Dutch trousers and stroll about carrying portfolios or enormous sketch books marked "Dessins," a phenomenon like that in Michigan avenue would not rank among things down in a corner. It would not be secretive. Small need would there be for an old home week in which alumni, by displaying their work, shout, "Wake up, messieurs! Don't be back numbers!" Doubtless it is well that our youngsters balk at putting on the bohemian, but doubtless it is well that the alumni are waking up Chicago.

The time of my life I had yesterday prowling through the Art Institute with three distinguished painters—the gifted Johansen, now of New York; Mr. Charles Francis Browne of Chicago, after an eventful sojourn in Boston; and Mr. Oliver Dennett Grover, president of the Alumni association—and hearing them talk.

About the exhibition, first. Very remarkable they thought it from several points of view. What uniform excellence; far above that of a Paris salon, we agreed! What variety of style and inspiration, showing that discipline had in no wise cramped originality! And what patriotism—that is to say, what unselfish devotion to Chicago! From all over America and from foreign countries—even China—these works by former students at the Art Institute have come. Only one medal is offered. Apart from that there has been no incentive beyond

loyalty to the town and the school.

It is an active, progressive, ambitious sort of loyalty that has set out to make Chicago America's most brilliant art center and the Art Institute no longer a mere school of art but "in a very real sense," as President Wilson would say, a university of art. Accordingly this delightful exhibition is more than an event. It is a prophecy and a program.

What do men like Grover, and Browne, and Johansen seek to convey by that somewhat gorgeous term "a university of art"? Consider. As things go at present Chicago banishes its artists. Celebrities with medals pinned all over them look back to Chicago as the place where they began their mastery of art, but, either from choice or from necessity, live elsewhere. Early they left the city, as a rule to secure advanced instruction. Why not give advanced instruction here? Moreover, many have interested themselves in specialties—such, for instance, as commercial art, meaning the adaptation of art to industry. Then why not make the adaptations of art to industry a definitely practical affair here? So all along. Expanded and developed, the Art Institute will become a school not only of painting and sculpture but also of architecture and design and applied craftsmanship in every conceivable form. No one will go elsewhere for advanced study. No one will from choice or necessity consent to live elsewhere. A university of art, complete and self-sufficing, will make Chicago the natural habitat of talent and the natural home of inspiration.

It is the fashion hereabouts to regard Chicago as "crude." But look! I can

point out a book store which, thanks to profits derived from supplying Chicagoans with sumptuously illustrated volumes on art, has at last enabled itself to deal in popular fiction. If this be crudity, make the most of it! In the Boul' Mich' shop windows, meanwhile, one keeps seeing canvases, bronzes, and objects d'art that would do credit to Boylston street, Fifth avenue, or the Boulevard des Italiens. Indeed, when I raise the question, "Where is crudity in Chicago?" I am moved to reply in the words of Artemus Ward, "Nowhere—nor anywhere else!" To be wholly candid, I can think of no community more agreeably destined to develop a university of art. What passes for "crudity" is youth. And in matters of art the whole secret is to be joyously, eternally young. You have then nothing to unlearn.

Visit the alumni's exhibition and see how definitely the need stands out for a university of art. Observe the furniture, the textiles, the posters, the magazine

covers, the book plates—even the Chinese rugs—designed by former students of the Art Institute. They should have had an opportunity to specialize while there—not afterward merely. Examine the superb photographs of architectural triumphs by former students of the Art Institute. They should have had an opportunity to master architecture while there.

All this will come. In intention it is on the way. But first Chicago must stop thinking of the Art Institute as a "picture morgue" and nothing more. A lucky day it would be if Chicagoans could step downstairs, as the four of us did, and tramp through the basement studios. It is a veritable town, that basement. When finished it will be 800 feet long. It seethes with activity. Also with jollity. One rarely sees so many jubilant faces, or faces on the whole so charming. I should like to catch some strolling easterner on his way through Chicago, entice him down there, and say to him, "Show me, if you can, the 'crudity' of this Middle West!"

WORK OF FORMER STUDENT

PERHAPS the most important permanent contribution of a twelvemonth to art in Chicago is the series of decorations by Jessie Arms Botke in the theatre of Ida Noyes Hall at the University. The room is of such a form as to suggest having been planned with a view to a fine mural treatment, and the decorations recently unveiled leave little to be desired.

If they suggest delicately the work of Benozzo Gozzoli in the Riccardi Chapel or of Botticelli in his Primavera it is not

so much because Mrs. Botke rested upon these great masters for her inspiration, as it is because, to begin with, she had a problem, similar to theirs, and because in her carefully matured thought about it she recognized the same inevitable fundamentals of purpose and effect which they respected, and because like them she approached her problem with directness and confidence and humility. Nowhere do these works forget their function of decorating the wall: nowhere does one single flower or repeat in a pattern demand special admiration or proclaim